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Word Pictures in Rhyme

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By
O. W. KINSMAN
Pasadena, Calif.

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O. W. KINSMAN

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PREFACE

In writing this little sketch of my life and having the stories in rhyme which we call poems, printed in book form, I have no excuse to offer only that some of my friends may find pleasure in reading them in their leisure moments. I have spent many pleasant and happy hours in writing these views that have come to my mind and if I have succeeded in making my points clear so that the reader can go with me in memory and follow my flights of fancy and imagination; if he is a lover of the beauties of nature, he will look above and beyond my weak effort and perhaps see far more than I have been able to feel or describe.

I have tried to describe my own emotions and impulses in my own simple way. There is no claim made that this work is of any literary value. It is like the work of a country blacksmith, just hammered out without mould or form. Though the material may be good, it is not polished.

I was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa, October 6th, 1846. My father was Orson O. Kinsman, who died when I was three years of age. He left a wife and five children of which I was next to the youngest, four boys and one girl. He left no property except a small house and lot, so my mother had to work to make a living for the family. The two oldest boys soon found places away from home to work, while I was turned loose to almost shift for myself, as my mother did not have time to keep track of a wild, reckless boy such as I was. We drifted along until I was seven years old and then my grandmother found a place for me with a kind uncle, Elijah Canfield, who lived near Des Moines, fifty miles away. Events up to that time are very dim in my memory. I remember that I had attended school and could read and spell a little.

I will never forget my feelings when I arrived at my uncle's farm away out on the great prairie. If you were ever homesick when a child, you will know how I felt, but my homesickness was of short duration, for I was soon put to work doing chores and running errands so that I had no time to be homesick except on Sundays. Then I would go out across the fields where stood two old lone trees and there beneath their spreading shade I would lie down on the grass and in my loneliness resort to tears. Young hearts are soon healed and I soon learned to love the fields, the birds and brooks and all the wild life, and many happy days I spent roaming through the hazel brush around the old lone trees. My uncle's folks were very kind to me, yet I was not one of the family and could never feel that I had an equal right with their children.

So the years passed with varied events, I will not take time to record here. Through the early years of my life my grandmother watched over me like a mother. She was a devout Christian and a remarkable woman and her wise counsel and beautiful life have been a great inspiration to me. Though I did not live up to her standard of life, I am sure that I have been made better by her gentle spirit than I would have been otherwise.

When the war broke out in 1861 I was fourteen years of age and like the men and boys of that exciting time I was bound to go. I tried to go with several different companies but was turned down on account of my age during the first year of the war, but in July, 1862, I went in the 18th Iowa Infantry, Company G. I did not know a single man in the company with which I went. There were three boys went from our neighborhood, Jason Ellis, J. C. Garrett and myself. I could not get into the same company as the others and I went as a drummer boy in another company. I was the youngest in the regiment when it went into the service. I served full three years without furlough. I did not know

how to drum. But I wanted to learn and the Drum Major took a great interest in me and he was a fine drummer, so that I learned very rapidly and always held my place next to him. At the close of my enlistment I was rated the best drummer in our regiment, and now after fifty years of hard labor I can remember and execute the most difficult lessons which I learned at that time. It would make this narrative too long for me to attempt to give a history of my experience in the army, but the events of that three years' time is more vividly impressed in my memory than any other part of my life.

After coming out of the service I worked for two or three years at railroad work, grading and team work. In November, 1867, I married Eliza Jane Barnes of Pork County, Iowa. We soon after moved to Cass County, Iowa, and there improved a farm on which we lived for twenty-four years. We then moved to California on account of Mrs. Kinsman's health. We have raised four children, three boys and one girl, and now that I am about old enough to quit work and my wife has passed on over the divide, I put in my leisure time living over my past life in memory and dreams, and playing with the grandchildren. I have always tried to look at the bright side of life and now in my declining years I get a great deal of pleasure by constructing little stories in rhyme.

We have lived in California for 28 years and most of that time I have worked at mason work and street grading, so most of my poems are descriptive of both California and Iowa.

I now dedicate this work to those of my friends who may care to read these poems.

Owen W. Kinsman.

HONOR THE FLAG

Honor the flag as it waves overhead,
Love its bright colors, but flaunt not the red;
Stand by the flag,--it's more precious than gold,
Liberty gleams from its every bright fold.

Stand by the flag, boys, be ready to fight;
Keep its folds clean and pure as the white;
Flag of the patient, the brave and the true,—
All honor to thee, our Red, White and Blue.

June, 1917.

HONOR THE FLAG

All hail, proud Flag of Liberty,
  Flag without a single stain,
Lead on the host of charity
  Across the raging main,

Until all people of the earth
  May sing sweet freedom's song;
And as each nation finds new birth
  The echoes will prolong.

Who can look upon that Flag without pride of country? To our men in foreign lands, it is home and country itself. Every part has a language which was officially recognized by our fathers: Blue is for justice, white is for purity, and red is for valor,—making the most beautiful banner ever unfurled to the breeze to be loved and cherished by all our hearts and upheld by all our hands.

TO THE OLD FLAGS AT THE CAPITOL IN IOWA

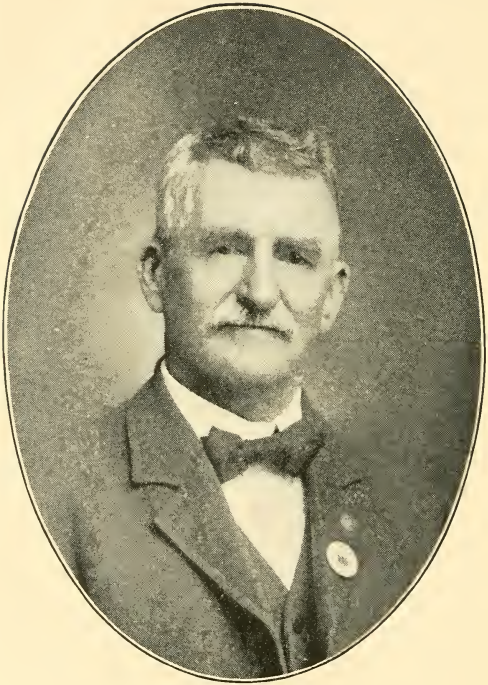
Old flags, we bow in reverence to you,
Within that case you're eloquent though mute;
You speak to us of sixty-one and two,
As we pass by and give you our salute.

You speak of justice on that field of blue,
Of purity with stars and stripes of white,
With red for valor and of brave men true,
That saved a Nation battling for the right.

You speak of brave men living now and dead,
Immortal spirits of the glorious past,
And those who pass you by with faltering tread,
Whose ranks as years go by are thinning fast.

When all the brave and gallant men you led
Have passed beyond and are no more of earth,
You still will lead their cause though they are dead
You represent a Nation's second birth.

Here 'neath this marble dome encased in glass
You speak more eloquent than words though mute—
And cause the great and mighty throng that pass
To bow in reverence as they salute.



AUTUMN REVERIES

I watch the autumn sunset gold,
And dream of youth as I grow old,
Of home, of friends and native climes,
Of summer's bloom, of winter's chimes.

Of boyhood days, of love's young dreams,
Of fields, of woods and winding streams,
Of one who wanders with me there
With wild rose blossoms in her hair.

Of happy days when children came
To bless our home and bear our name.
And in my dreams the vanished years,
Are mem'ries of past hopes and fears.

And now as I am growing old,
Grandchildren on my knees I hold.
I rock with them 'neath flowering vines,
And their young love my heart entwines.

I wonder if when I am dead,
And sod grows o'er my narrow bed,
I wonder then, will I have dreams
Of fields, of woods and winding streams.

And will my spirit see and hear
The friends I loved in life most dear,
And will I see the flowers bloom
In clusters round my silent tomb?

Will all mistakes that I have made,
Together in my grave be laid;
Will any good I've done or said,
Be soon forgot when I am dead.

THE PASSING HERO

I was but a drummer boy, yet I was a witness to what the men did in that great conflict, and now as I look back through the years—

I see the boys of sixty-one again, as through a dream,
And 'midst the smoke of battle see their flashing sabers gleam.
I hear the guns of Sumter, as they echo 'round the world,
And I hear the statesmen pleading, and see the flag unfurled.

I see grave men assemble in small groups upon the street,
And see pale women tremble as they watch their husbands meet.
I can see the companies drilling, out on the public green—
The young, the old, the long, the short, the fat men, and the lean.

I see these men assembling from factories, stores, and farms;
All these brave men were willing then to bear their country's arms.
I see men by the cradles kissing babes that are asleep,
Bidding wives be brave and patient—brave men, too sad to weep.

With fife and drum and flags unfurled, I see them march away.
It all comes back so plain to me, it seems but yesterday.
I see them on the weary march, in mud, through rain and snow,
And in their silent camps at night, where shadows come and go.

I see them in the raging storm, out on the picket lines,
And on the lonely outer posts, among the moaning pines.
I see them in the battle line, where brave men's nerves are tried,
And in the wild charge, like demons, where many heroes died.

And over the field of battle, after the day's hard fight,
I see the dead and the dying, under the stars at night.
I see them carrying wounded men, with slow and steady tread,
And I see the long, wide trenches where sleep the hero dead.

I see the sick and wounded men along the great highway,
When, like a mighty avalanche, our lines fell back that day.
I see and feel that pall of gloom that overspread our land,
Until our scattered forces formed and made that gallant stand.

And step by step for four long years forced treason to its fall,
Until our starry banner, saved once more, waved over all;
And when the foes to equal rights returned within the fold,
A mightier Nation then arose, and new-born hope unrolled.

I see the men who wore the gray return to ruined homes—
No wreck was ever more complete since that of ancient Rome's.
In giving praise to these brave men, these men who wore the blue,
Let's not forget the men in gray—for they were heroes, too!

I see these heroes, North and South, move forward hand in hand,
And make the wheel of progress turn, through all this glorious land.
Our hero now is getting old, his sight is growing dim;
Full soon the muffled drum will beat the last long roll for him.

ACCEPTING THE FLAG

Long may they live the women who give,
This beautiful flag to our band.
May life be a song as they journey along,
May their works as a monument stand.

As just and as true as our flag's field of blue,
And as pure as its color of white,
May a radiance be shed as bright as its red,
As they always dare to do right.

From the women who gave the men who helped save
This flag of the just and the free,
We accept with delight this banner so bright,
An emblem of peace it shall be.

It will brighten our way and will help us to play,
It will bring the old tunes to our mind;
As we march along we can play that old song,
Of the girls that the boys left behind.

And when we are laid in the pepper tree shade,
Under our flag and the dew,
We hope that the boys who now play with toys,
Will honor this Red, White and Blue.

And as it unfurls they will play for the girls,
The old tunes we now play for you;
And may this flag wave, in peace o'er the grave,
Of the boys who once wore the blue.

This flag was presented to the Drum Corps by the W. R. C.

THE FLOWERS OF MEMORY

The woods and the prairies where the flowers grew wild
Around the log cabin when I was a child,
Still bloom on in memory wherever I roam,
And in fancy I see the dear faces at home.
Flowers and faces that have faded away,
In memory still bloom as they used to in May.

The flowers of memory bloom on through the years,
When fond recollections bedew them with tears;
The grave of our friends, like the leaves of the trees,
Are scattered around by adversity's breeze.
Yet memory goes back with its flowers to lay,
A wreath for each grave on Memorial Day.

We visit the grave where our grandmother sleeps,
Where whip-poor-wills sing and the willow tree weeps;
In the old graveyard on the hill's gentle slope,
They laid her away with her bright star of hope;
And her gentle sweet life has brightened life's sway,
And her memory is fresh as the flowers of May.

The flowers of memory still bloom o'er the grave
Of a brother who sleeps where palmettos wave;
War's messenger carried away his young life
While following the flag in the great civil strife.
And, Oh, how the thoughts of that brother still bring
Back to our memory the wild flowers of spring.

TWO LOVES

O, I love you, California, and I love you, Iowa,
I saw October dressing you with gold, with green and gray.
California with her flowers has almost won my heart,
But from Iowa's corn and clover it was hard for me to part.

I don't think one should have to lie or break his heart in two
For surely no one is to blame for loving both of you.
California has sunshine, has her mountains capped with snow,
For storing up the winter rains to make her lemons grow.

Iowa has springtime, must have spring and summer rains,
And she has her grand October for ripening up the grains.
California, O, I love you, but Iowa has my heart,
But you surely won't get jealous for you are so far apart.

I have been away most of the time for 30 years, but I still love

---

MY IOWA

O, Iowa, my Iowa,
I love thy fields of clover hay,
The bright green leaves, the purple bloom,
The new mown hay with sweet perfume.

I love thy hills, and rolling plains,
Thy fields of corn and golden grains.
I love to roam in the early morn,
Through the stubble fields and tasseled corn.

Through woodland groves, where Nature charms
Where shady lanes divide the farms,
Past the village church with steepled domes,
The country schools and farmer's homes.

I love the music of the farm,
No silver band has greater charm,
The lowing herd, the neighing steed
The pigs all squealing for their feed.

The cackling hens, the rooster crows,
The squawking ducks and geese in rows,
The children shout, the barking dogs,
The farmer's voice is calling hogs.

O, Iowa, my Iowa,
I am lonesome now when far away,
And now if I were young again,
I think I'd never cross the plain,

But stay back there in Iowa
And raise fine cattle, corn and hay;
Where boys all grow to man's estate
With equal chance of growing great.

And where they raise such handsome girls,
They need no paint, no primps or curls,
Now while we live where skies are blue,
For all these things we envy you.

But blood gets thin as we grow old,
When winter comes our feet get cold,
So we spend our days where lemons grow,
Where mountain tops contain the snow.

Where fragrance of the orange bloom
Drives away the winter's gloom.
We sit there in the palm trees' shade
And tell of the snows we used to wade,

And think of all the other joys,
That winter brought when we were boys.
O, Iowa, my Iowa,
In memory may these visions stay.

MY CALIFORNIA

(Tune—My Maryland)

O California! happy land,
With silver waves on ocean strand,
With gentle breezes from the sea,
My California, I love thee.

I love thy mountains capped with snow;
Thy fields where golden poppies grow,
With song of birds and hum of bees,
Where nature sings among the trees.

Land of the orange, land of the bloom,
Thy sunshine helps to banish gloom;
Where water from the mountain springs
Glad tidings to the valley brings.

O California! happy land,
With silver waves on ocean strand,
With gentle breezes from the sea,
My California, I love thee.

O land of plenty! land of wealth,
I prize thee most as land of health;
I love this land from shore to shore,
But love my California more.

O California! happy land,
With silver waves on ocean strand,
With gentle breezes from the sea,
My California, I love thee.

Pasadena, California, September, 1913.

AUTUMN IN IOWA

The Autumn leaves are falling,
  There's sadness in the air,
The katydids are calling,
  There are echoes everywhere.

The willow trees are weeping
  For the withered leaves that fall;
There's somber stillness creeping
  Through the attic and the hall.

The elm trees are slipping
  Their yellow leaves around;
To keep Jack Frost from nipping
  All the green grass on the ground.

The walnut trees are dropping
  Their nuts among the leaves,
And the hickory nuts are popping
  As they rattle from the eaves.

The ears of corn are drooping
  For the leaves are turning brown;
And the stalks of corn are stooping
  'Cause the ears are pulling down.

The bumblebee is drooning
  For the clover's turning gray;
The Autumn winds are moaning
  'Cause the clouds don't move away.

This morn the clouds were weeping,
  And everything seemed sad;
But at eve the sun was peeping
  Through the clouds, and all are glad.

SPRINGTIME IN CALIFORNIA

When the snow is on the mountains and the poppies are in bloom
And the balmy air is scented with the orange grove perfume,
When you go out in your auto where the roads are smooth and hard
And you glide through blooming orchards on the foothill boulevard.

When you look across the valley at the ocean and the bay,
There's a charm within the picture that will never fade away,
When you hear the birds a-singing as they make the welkin ring,
You may think they're just beginning, but they sing all year like spring.

CHORUS—

You may go back to your birthplace, which all men love so well,
But you'll always have a longing to come back here to dwell,
Where the climate weaves a carpet of spring colors with its loom,
When the snow is on the mountains and the poppies are in bloom.

OUR POET

There is a bard in our town,
But he has never gained renown.

He's never apt to do much harm,
He mostly writes about the farm.

The neighbors say he's pretty good
To do the chores and bring in wood.

He seems to be a happy guy,
He has a smile when others cry.

When storms arise and cold winds blow,
He seems to see the afterglow.

And when his daughter buys a hat,
He don't get mad and kick the cat.

But says, my dear, I like the style,
He's happy then to see her smile.

And when the boys wear out their shoes,
He doesn't then resort to booze.

He doesn't put his head to soak,
And swear he's now already broke.

And when they say he's wasting time,
In writing out his bughouse rhyme,

He doesn't even slam the door,
But goes outside and writes some more.

Or else he goes behind the barn,
Where he can write a pleasant yarn,

About the geese, the ducks and hens,
The little pigs, and lambs in pens,

And while he sits there on the ground
The ducks and chickens gather round,

For all the stocks upon the farm,
He seems to have a happy charm.

The cat comes out with radiant purr,
She's not afraid he'll kick at her.

And there beside him Towser stands,
Waiting a chance to lick his hands.

Our rhymster in his little way
Makes something happy every day.

GRANDMOTHER'S HOPE

It is pleasant to think of grandmother's hope
As it now appears to me.
Like a rainbow it spans the valley of life,
From birth to Eternity.

I can see her now in her white frilled cap,
With her hair so smoothe and gray.
The image of her and that bright star of hope
Will never fade away.

She used to knit of a winter's night,
Rocking to and fro,
Near the open hearth by the firelight,
Singing sweet and low.

In the storms of life when others might quale,
Her bright star of hope would glow,
She would say to us, tho' her voice was frail,
It might have been worse, you know.

THE VACATION

Last summer I was glad and all the world looked good to me,
And so I told it in my rhymes, we called it poetry.
The fields and woods were green and gold, the skies were clear and blue,
The lanes were lined with wild rose bloom, all gemmed with drops of dew.

I met old friends of other days, we talked of vanquished joys,
Of husking bees and spelling schools when we were girls and boys.
They praised my rhymes, they petted me, they fed me pie and cream,
I loafed around until I had almost a poet's dream.

My clothes and hair, while writing rhymes, all badly went to seed,
And now I'm sad, for I must work to earn new clothes and feed.
I hardly know which is the best, hard work or idle play,
So I write rhymes at leisure times, and work from day to day.

LOOKING FORWARD

I mind the day when we marched away
With flags and banners streaming,
Our suits were blue and our guns were new
And bayonets were gleaming.

With playing bands, and waving hands,
To the cruel war we started,
Midst ringing bells and sad farewells,
From home and friends we parted.

As we marched along, a thousand strong,
With Colonel Edwards leading
Many a heart was sad to part
From wives and mothers pleading.

They put us afloat on an old river boat
Whose furnaces were glowing,
With hissing steam and trembling beam
And two large barges towing.

It was all like a dream as we floated down stream
To our place of destination,
But the army looked fine as they formed there in line
In defense of the flag and the nation.

With a long wagon train, through the mud and the rain,
The enemy's trail we followed,
Expecting a fight, both day and night,
Through rivers and swamps we wallowed.

We had marched all night by the pale moon's light,
When just at dawn of the morning,
The enemy stood in the edge of the wood
And without a moment's warning,

With a blinding flash and a deafening crash
They sent their bullets flying,
Then turned and fled while our wounded bled
And Sergeant Green lay dying.

Midst bursting shells, and rebel yells,
And comrades 'round us falling,
Our souls were tried as our wounded died;
The scene was most appalling.

But through the strife, with drum and fife
And bugle notes inspiring,
With ringing cheers, we curbed our fears
Till the enemy was retiring.

With steady pace, we kept our place
Till the cruel war was ended,
Until we heard that joyous word,
The enemy has surrendered.

Then as we turned from victories earned
And from war's grim scenes we hurried,
We slackened our pace when we came to a place
In the fields where a comrade was buried.

We thought of the woes of our fallen foes
And their homes of desolation,
While we were praised with loud "hurrays"
As the heroes of a nation.

FISH STORY

As I sat today by the cottage door
And dreamed of happy days of yore
A group of boys came down the street
With rosy cheeks and bare, brown feet.
Each had his line and fishing pole,
Bound for the creek and fishing hole,
And as the laddies passed me by,
It made me think I, too, might try.
I laid aside my story book
And hunted up a line and hook
And took a spade to dig some bait,—
It seemed that I could hardly wait.
I first dug up a large fat grub,
Emblem of the Ananias Club.
With pole and hook and fishing sack
I followed on the barefoot track
And when I reached the river bank,
For fear the boys would play some prank
I found a quiet, shady nook,
Unwound my line and cast my hook
And there I sat till nearly night
And never got a single bite.
But when the boys came back that way
With strings of fish they'd caught that day,
And when they saw me look so glum,
They said, "Grandpap, we'll give you some,"
I said, "No thanks, 'twould be no joy
To eat fish caught by some other boy.
I said, "These fish look small to me—
Not half so large as they used to be;
When I was young out on the farm
We caught fish there the length your arm!"
The boys all looked and smiled at me
And said, "Grandpap, that could not be,

But we all like the tales you tell,
At least they have the fishy smell."
They went on home in childish glee
And left the bait and creek with me.
Tonight I'm home, my feet are sore,
I guess my fishing days are o'er.
I think I'll read my story book
And catch my fish with a silver hook,
And sit here by the cottage door—
And tell my fishing tales no more;
For all the boys they laugh at me
And say "Grandpap that couldn't be."
But I shall fish in memory
Where fine large pickerel used to be.

Written near the stream where I used to fish when a boy.

OLD SONGS

There are no songs like the old songs,
The songs we used to sing,
With the birds and bees in the maple trees,
We made the welkin ring.

There are no friends like the old friends,
The friends we used to know,
As girls and boys they shared our joys,
In the long, long years ago.

There are no boys like the old boys,
The boys who wore the blue;
They are old and gray, but they are always gay,
And as friends are always true.

There are no girls like the old girls,
The girls we went to see.
They have silver hair and lines of care,
But they never grow old to me.

IN MEMORY

Today when I read that Ann Bartlett was dead,
Her image came back to my view,
For when but a boy I had the great joy
Of knowing that woman so true.

When she taught in our school it was always her rule,
To give us some lesson each day,
To impress on each mind to always be kind,
In schoolwork or when at our play.

And through all the years, through hopes and through fears,
Those mottoes have lingered with me;
I've not always been good, many times I have stood
And waited for passion to flee.

I look back to Mud Creek and the little old Brick,
Where Ann Bartlett taught in our school,
And I feel that each life has been helped through the strife
By Ann Bartlett's kind patient rule.

She is now with the blest in their places of rest,
While her mottoes grow brighter with years,
And those who were there her kindness to share,
Will mingle with flowers their tears.

A SUMMER TRIP—1918

I traveled afar o'er mountain and plains,
Last Spring when the meadows were green,
And from the car windows of swift-moving trains,
Caught glimpse of a wonderful scene.

As we crossed the coast range through mountains of snow
Looked back at the ocean and bay,
O'er the orange groves 'neath the sunset glow,
At the close of a Springtime day.

We dashed o'er the plains thro' cactus and sand,
Where mirage plays hob with our view,
With wonderful pictures of a fairy land,
That glimmer and vanish like dew.

I saw the great herds of the bright golden west,
The harvest just turning to gold,
The corn and the clover when looking their best,
As bloom and the tassels unfold.

Met friends of my youth in their Iowa homes,
Whose friendship has never grown cold,
They give a glad hand to a brother who roams,
And welcome him back to the fold.

I saw the green leaves of the maple turn gold,
The bloom of the clover turn gray,
And heard the soft notes of the summer birds scold,
As autumn winds drove them away.

When the cold chilly winds came down from the north,
And painted the fields with white frost;
The beauties that summer and spring had brought forth,
Were changed to fall colors, not lost.

The change was so still, so subtle and filled
With strains on the heart's tender lute;
And played by the wind like a hand that is skilled,
On the reeds of the grass like a flute.

I saw the high mountains and vast rolling seas,
Great land scapes not painted by hand;
But my heart is most moved when frost paints the trees,
In the woods of my own native land.

And now I am back in a land of sunshine,
Where mocking birds sing all the year;
I take a full breath of the atmosphere's wine,
And know I am glad to be here.

THE FIFE MAJOR

Your letter brings back other scenes to my view
When we were young soldiers with jackets of blue.
I see the Fife Major as plain as in life,
And I hear the old tunes he played on his fife.
The Drum Major's call at the dawn of the day,
The boys in their places, just ready to play.
In memory these visions come back now to me,
And I hear all the tunes of the old reveille.
When the men formed in line arrayed in their best,
And we heard the command "Battalion! Parade! Rest!"
It makes my blood tingle to think how we played
As we marched down the line when on dress parade.
The quicksteps, the waltzes, the evening tattoo,
And all the old tunes that our Fife Major knew,
The music that charmed me the most in my life
Were the old army tunes Hawk played on his fife.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

A VETERAN'S REVIEW

In fancy I'm sailing with
Time in his flight
Reviewing the scenes of
My boyhood tonight.

O'er the green hills of hope
Through the valley of fears
I am riding tonight
On the tide of the years.

The fields and the meadows
The woodlands near by
Where the clear pools reflect
The trees and the sky.

And all of my schoolmates—
Their faces I see,
They bow and they smile
And they all wave at me.

I can see my young comrades
In battle array
On the right is the blue
On the left is the gray.

These boys they were brothers
To each cause they were true,
But out on the right
Waved the red, white and blue.

The boys in the gray were
Tigers to fight,
But no power could conquer
Old glory and right.

The years they are fleeting,
These boys have grown old;
But their love for old glory
Will never grow cold.

But as they look back
Through the mist of the years,
For the blue and the gray
They mingle their tears.

And all the green mounds
Both sides of the way
Are covered with flowers
Memorial day.

But yet as they stand in
Their niches of fame
The gray will be ever
An emblem of shame.

While the blue, like our banner,
Will ever grow bright,
The emblem of justice
Of honor and right.

Our barque it is drifting
Toward that dim shore,
Where pilgrims all land
When life's battle are o'er.

We can almost see them
And hear them hurrah
As they march in one line
The blue and the gray.

DID LINCOLN KNOW?

Did Lincoln pause at Gettysburg or hesitate
To guide the ship of state straight on?
Could he see through the fog of war, man's last debate,
Or was it faith he leaned upon?

Or when he saw that brilliant foe retreating,
Did hope through wisdom see the end,
Or when he saw dead silent spirits fleeting,
Did wisdom from on high descend?

Or were his heartstrings strained so near to breaking,
That each vibration thrilled the land,
And gave each loyal heart a new awakening,
To radiate from every battle stand?

We only know the world is still repeating,
His words of loyalty and love,
And as the stain of war is still receding
They give him praise through powers above.

OUR CHAPLAIN

Like a shepherd our Chaplain is leading his flock,
Through green pastures and meadows, past bramble and rock,
And he points out the road by the river of life,
Where the righteous shall cease from all trouble and strife.

And he bids us be good for the sake of mankind,
That our names may be honored by friends left behind.
He prays with the living with uncovered head,
And of flowers makes pillows for comrades when dead.

His words are a comfort for those in distress,
Though sometimes they bring tears we cannot repress.
But tears like the dewdrops that water the flowers,
Are gems from the heart in life's stormy hours.

OCTOBER IN IOWA

October, O, October, we doff our hats to you,
The springtime nor the summer had skies so clear and blue;
They raised the leaves and grasses, like other years of old,
But then October painted them with red, with brown and gold.

No painter with his brushes has ever equaled these,
No artist can mix colors, like skies and clouds or seas;
October weaves a carpet of spring and summer leaves,
While farmers gather in the corn and thresh the golden sheaves.

October paints the pumpkins, paints the apples on the tree,
October, O, October, we are loathe to part with thee;
But in the cold December when snows begin to fall,
We can view your grand old paintings as they hang in mem'ry's hall.

ROBERT E. LEE

What can we say of General Lee, the man of southern fame?
As we look back we now can see the luster of his name,
Just like some lofty mountain peak with distance seems to grow,
And as time's setting sun goes down reflects the afterglow.

He made one fatal great mistake, he thought it duty's call
To stand up loyally with his state to conquer or to fall;
When from the field of Gettysburg he made his great retreat
Then with the heroes of his state he bravely met defeat.

His statue in the hall of fame stands near the highest peaks
With lofty mein and perfect form of character it speaks;
And there through coming years will stand the man of southern fame
Admired by a nation wide with but one blotch of shame.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

When I read the songs of Riley,
They seem played on nature's band,
And I see the moving pictures
That he paints with magic wand.

I hear the brooks a laughing
Where the winds sings through the trees,
And the children's shout of gladness
And the song of birds and bees.

I can hear the cows a mooing
And the bleating of the sheep,
And the farmer's voice in singing
As he goes to sow and reap.

I can hear the corn leaves fiddle
Of a clear November morn
And I see the frost gems glisten
On the tassels of the corn.

And he takes me through the orchard
Where the children used to play
And we look across the valley,
At the stacks of clover hay.

At the horses in the pasture
And the droves of other stock,
And we look across the valley,
Where the fodder's in the shock.

Now the frost is on the pumpkin
And the Autumn almost gone,
And he feels the chill of winter
As old age is coming on.

Now may love and hope still guide him on
Through all the afterwhiles,
For he made the world seem brighter
With his happy songs and smiles.

THE WATER SONG

We are charmed with the song of the ocean
As we wander along by its shore;
Its waves give us thrills of emotion
When they dash on the rocks with a roar.

But the water songs of the mountains
Are the ones that most allure me
From the bubbling springs at its fonuntains
Till it dashes away to the sea.

As it ripples along through the dells
In shade of the old sycamore,
With its music like tinkling of bells,
Give charm to the wild rocky shore.

And then with a splashing and bounding
It dashes with spray o'er the falls
With echoes like music resounding
Through the canyon's high towering walls.

The lure and the charm of the canyon,
Where the trails are rugged and steep,
Like the soothing songs of the ocean,
Its water songs lull us to sleep.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

We look upon your Christmas gift
And see your face as through a rift;
In winter's clouds o'er many miles
And feel the magic of your smiles.

And every stitch your hands have wrought,
Conveys to us some pleasant thought;
The threads that form each loop apart
Are treasured gifts from your dear heart.

And as the fabric we unfold,
We read the story you have told;
Of home, of friends and native climes
Where we have met at Christmas time.

The purest love within the heart
Is never felt until we part;
The hidden beauty of the rose
Is never seen till buds unclose.

WHEN PEACE MAY COME

O speed the day when time shall come
That all men live in peace at home,
When flowers bloom and grain fields yield
On every present battlefield.

When over all peace flags shall wave,
The German, English, French and Slav;
And may the Austrian and the Turk,
Return from war to peaceful work.

When far-off Russia's steppy plains
Shall gleam again with golden grains
And sunny France's vineclad hills
With bounteous crops fill empty mills.

When from the German on the Rhine
Old England buys her choicest wine,
And Japan peace to China bring,
Then all the world with joy will sing.

When all mankind adopt the plan
Of Peace on Earth, goodwill to man,
And love shall shine from every door,
Then cruel war may be no more.

JUNE

O, what a boon, these days of June
With skies so clear and blue;
When purple haze, through summer days
Veil mountains from our view.

The birds and bees sing through the trees
The children shout for joy
When flowers bloom with sweet perfume
And June brides look so coy.

June never stays but thirty days,
For time glides swiftly on;
Brides of today next year will say,
"My last year's bloom is gone."

Alas, how soon, life's days of June
Fly past to autumn time,
And then the year grows brown and sear
And winter rings his chime.

THE MISS-NAMED MOCKING BIRD

I sat one day beneath a pepper tree,
And heard the son of birds I could not see.
Catbird, Chicadee, Bob-white and Rain Crow,
Birds in childhood we all used to know.

Peeking through the leaves, out upon a limb,
Sat a single mocking bird, clean and trim;
With liquid notes he made his native trill,
Then sank the bobolink and whippoorwill.

And when some other birds came flying near,
With ruffled plume he cried "Killdeer, Killdeer!"
And when he sang his evening song at night,
I plainly heard him say "Bob-white, Bob-white!"

How can he mock the songs he never heard,
This native California mocking bird,
And so I think he does not mock but sing,
And make the whole year seem to us like spring.

THE JUNE BRIDE

The bride and groom walked down the street,
He seemed so pleased, she looked so neat;
Bright as the summer's morning bloom
Were hopes of this June bride and groom.

I stood and gazed as one who hears
The wedding bells of vanished years,
And though, Ah, me! alas, how soon
The roses fade that bloom in June.

And leaf by leaf are blown away,
Return to earth and soon decay;
And where they fall the sun and rain,
Bring forth new forms of life again.

And so it is with man and maid,
Their cherished hopes of life may fade;
Yet like the faded flowers of June
Return in others forms full soon.

OUR WINTER ROSE

Our winter rose in summer clothes
With bloom of youth aglow,
Stands here beside and tries to hide
Her blushes in the snow.

You dainty bud of wintertime,
I fear you'll fade too soon;
Your sister came in early spring
And reached her prime in June.

She filled the air with fragrance rare
Till autumn took her bloom,
And then you came in her sweet name
To cheer the winter's gloom.

If you can live good cheer to give
Through winter's cold and rain,
Until the spring warm days shall bring
Then she'll return again.

She may wear gems of sparkling dew
And bloom when sunsets glow,
But she can never rival you
When blooming in the snow.

THE DEAD MOCKING BIRD

A mocking bird sang in the old pepper tree,
And the notes of her song were low;
She seemed to be trying to beckon to me,
Turned her head to look down below.

And when I was cautiously turning away,
She came fluttering around my head;
I think she was trying in bird talk to say,
"My comrade and lover is dead."

So strange were her actions, I looked all around,
At first I could not understand;
I looked first at the tree and then on the ground,
And there laid her lover, our friend.

Nobody could tell how he met his sad fate,
Not a plume nor a feather was wrong;
He lay 'neath the tree where his lover and mate
Was singing her sweet morning song.

As we carried him out to his little grave,
That we dug near the garden wall,
We thought of the joy and the pleasure he gave,
Though the gift of his song was all.

A glorious thing is the gift of a song,
As life we go traveling through;
Then make life a song as you journey along,
And the songs will be given to you.

GREETING

With regrets I send this greeting
To my comrades far away,
At their annual reunion,
Of the Eighteenth Iowa.

Many weeks I have been planning,
Waiting for the time to come,
When I'd wake the camp some morning
With the rattle of my drum.

But sometimes our plans are failures,
And we cannot make them budge,
We must wait the pleas of lawyers,
And the ruling of the judge.

So today I'm disappointed
That I cannot make the trip,
But my spirit will be with you,
And my hand will feel your grip.

I had pictured the surprises
I would see on every face,
When they saw their little drummer
In his old accustomed place.

I was but a little drummer,
Yet I heard the shot and shell,
For I marched in line of battle
When our noble heroes fell.

Now, in dreams I hear the bugle,
And the rattle of the drum,
As you men turn out to roll call,
And the camp begins to hum.

When so many do not answer,
As the names each year are read,
Comes the answer like an echo,
Oh, my sergeant, they are dead.

Yet, my comrades, they were heroes,
Though they died in civil life,
For they risked their lives for country,
When assailed with bitter strife.

Year by year our ranks are thinning,
Names are fading from the roll,
But through ages they'll be shining,
Carved on fame's immortal scroll.

Sept. 2nd, 1915, Pasadena, Calif.

THE MISSION BELLS

The Mission bells with silver chimes,
Ring echoes of the olden times,
When Holy Mission Fathers came
Proclaiming Jesus' sacred name.

No more they hear these Mission bells,
But in its chimes their spirit dwells,
When those who ring these bells today
Like summer leaves have passed away.

Others then from crumbling walls,
With these old chimes will sing the calls,
And in the ages coming still,
Ring peace on earth to man, good will.

THE ROSES THAT SPEAK TO ME

A rose tree stands beside my door
Whose branches reach from roof to floor.
When roses bloom upon that tree
They seem to always speak to me.

And when they nod as soft winds blow,
They seem like friends we used to know;
Long years ago one summer day,
We called on them along the way.

They gave us cuttings from a bush,
Asked us to plant them with a wish.
We planted one beside our door,
The wish I never thought of more.

For in the busy time of life,
When days are filled with work and strife,
We soon forget the little things
That in life's autumn pleasure brings.

When naught is left but memory
As we look back we then can see;
And voices of the past we hear
Whose music now we hold most dear.

And so the flowers on that tree
Seem to always speak to me;
And in the blossoms I can see
The one who gave the bush to me.

I saw her first just as she stood
A rosebud bloom to womanhood,
And now I see her golden hair,
Silvered with a mother's care.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

Following is the beautiful memorial tribute, read by Comrade Kinsman:

"As we meet today to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of our departed comrades and friends, I cannot say that they are dead, for in nature nothing dies.

> " 'Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
> Drop by drop the springs run dry,
> One by one we drop into that dreamless sleep
> That knows no wakening.'

"Life is eternal, always was and always will be. It is just as natural to die as to be born. We are governed largely by departed spirits, whose examples we try to follow. Life is like the evolution of water, the stream running down the mountain side from its fountain head, meandering its way across the valley and plain, till at last it reaches the ocean, there again to be taken up in vapor and clouds, again to be returned in the form of rain, snow and dewdrops.

"This has been going on through the endless ages of time, and yet there is no more nor less water than there was ten thousand years ago.

"The leaves of the trees wither with age and fall to the ground, moulder away and return to the earth from which new forms of life arise. We live and love and labor, and in a little while, like the leaves and the flowers, we pass away, leaving but a memory for the loved and loving friends that we leave behind. They soon will pass away, and so it has been throughout the ages.

"Time, space and eternity are beyond our frail comprehensions. The present alone is ours. Let us earnestly endeavor to do our part while we live, ever striving in our weakness to live honest, useful, upright lives, not alone for ourselves, but for the good of all, always ready to extend

the warm handclasp to friend or an erring brother, no matter what his birth or creed. Let us practice as well as preach kindness and justice and be generous in charity to all, and then the world will be better by our having lived in it.

"When it comes our time to lay down the burdens of life, then we, too, shall return to the mother earth, we will have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best, our work will be a pleasant memory and a higher inspiration to those who come after us. Some of the most plain and honest lives have been immortalized in poetry and song.

"A short time ago I was sitting at the funeral of a departed friend whose life had been so pure and useful that I said what a beautiful ending it was to a noble life. I put my thoughts into verse as a humble tribute to her memory. May the spirit of these lines be applied to the departed sisters and comrades for whom we meet to pay our tribute of respect today:

"O soft winds, blow gently, disturb not her sleep;
Our sister is resting now—why should we weep?
The road has been long, the hills have been steep,
And now, being weary, age lulls her to sleep.

"Once she was young, with a step like the fawn,
With cheeks like the rose at the blush of the dawn;
She was brave, kind and gentle, always so true;
She loved the green hills where the wild flowers grew.

"She loved music and song, the bells' silver chime,
Her bright star of hope, and her faith was sublime;
She was firm, like the oak, in life's stormy hours,
But in its sunshine was both vine and flowers.

"With tired hands folded across her still breast—
O song birds, sing softly, disturb not her rest!
Sweet flowers, the tributes kind neighbors send,
Farewell, gentle mother, kind sister, true friend.

O. W. Kinsman read an original poem on Washington. The poem follows:

There was, there is, no greater name
Nor statue in the Hall of Fame,
Than our great Washington.
He stands majestic and the peer
Of all the great men, far and near,
The world has looked upon.

The boy who could not tell a lie
As man was always honored high
For being brave and true.
He stood alone till Lincoln died,
But now in grandeur side by side,
A nation honors two.

Both brave of spirit, true of heart,
They served the world a noble part
And earned an honored name.
And through the ages they will stand,
The heroes of a free-born land,
Within the Hall of Fame.

SWEET ALICE

Through pale shimmering light, like silvery moonbeams
I saw my Sweet Alice last night as in dreams;
I called her Sweet Alice one eve as we walked
Through sweet-scented woods and of flowers we talked.

When at her home gate as I turned to depart
She pinned a Sweet William just over my heart,
I drifted away to the bright Golden West
With the scent of the flower still pinned to my breast

Poor Alice, she married a man of small worth,
A poor noxious weed to encumber the earth;
Long years like flowers have faded away,
Sweet Alice and I have grown old and gray.

Last night when I read that her spirit had flown
I thought how I called her Sweet Alice, my own,
And then as I saw her in memory through tears,
I knew how love lingers with us through the years.

My first sweetheart.

A VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAINS

I stand today on the mountain side,
And look away to the oceantide,
Some thirty miles away;
The mountain tops are capped with snow,
Reflecting back the sunset glow,
O'er valley, sea and bay.

The fields are green, the skies are blue,
The hillsides gleam with magic hue
Where yellow poppies grow;
And as I look it seems to me
The skies come down to meet the sea
Where great ships come and go.

The mountain sides are white and cold,
Near orange groves of green and gold,
That mingle with the town;
Where Pasadena's vineclad homes,
Her great hotels, and high church domes,
Sit like a jeweled crown.

March, 1911.

EVENING

Have you watched these summer evenings
Just between the day and night,
When the sun reflects those colors,
Of its magic shade and light?

Just above the distant hilltop,
Where the sky seems painted green,
To the dark blue shades of evening
Wondrous colors are between.

When the silver moon is rising
And the sun sinks out of sight,
Clouds all colors of the rainbow
Wheel in columns left and right.

Tongue nor pen cannot describe them
As the magic scenes unroll.
Weak are songs of all the poets
When compared to nature's scroll.

And no painter with the brushes
Can begin to equal these,
For no chemist has mixed colors
To compare with clouds or seas.

Wondrous scenes has California,
Flowers, mountains capped with snow,
And the calm, cool, pleasant evenings
With the sunset's afterglow.

THE KNOCKER

Through the warm spring days I sang my lays
And listened to the Mocker,
And then I heard a loud harsh word,
It was the public knocker.

He fills my ears with kicks and jeers,
About the sins of smoking.
This same old croak, he may not smoke,
But fills the air to choking.

He uses tar for his catarrh,
And diets well on onions.
He may have holes in his shoe soles,
So we can smell his bunions.

When on a car I see how far
I get from this old bluffer,
The truth to tell, don't like the smell,
Of this old public duffer.

It fills my breast with peaceful rest
When on my journey going,
To see men smoke just for a joke
To keep his talk from flowing.

If you don't smoke, please do not croak,
You may have warts or bunions.
I'd rather far smell a cigar,
Than get one whiff of onions.

It makes me sick to hear folks kick
About the faults of others.
It's best to sing like birds of spring,
And meet each day like brothers.

THE BATHING SUITS

I've walked along the ocean strand,
Where women lounge upon the sand,
And watch their daughters swim and play,
In gaudy suits made for display.

Some blue, some red, some purple, white,
Some long, some short, some loose, some tight,
But all were made for man's delight,
To please the mind, to catch the sight.

But years ago, not far from here,
The scene comes back to view so clear,
Bob and me and Jim and Bill,
One day while playing on the hill,

Heard someone swimming in the brook,
Of course, we could not help but look,
And there we saw some country girls
With rosy cheeks and flowing curls.

The girls were having lots of fun,
And now we fellows darstn't run,
For fear the girls would hear the noise
And all would say "What naughty boys!"

And me and Bob and Jim and Bill
Agreed we'd always keep it still.
Through all the years from that day to this,
The girls have lived in ignorant bliss.

I could not tell a single name,
For all the girls were dressed the same.
I never told no one before,
But now I'll tell you what they wore.

They beat the girls along the beach,
For each was dressed just like a peach.

THE LOOM OF LIFE

We often judge men by the clothes that they wear,
And poets are judged by the cut of their hair.
Each life weaves a fabric peculiar its own,
Like the fields reproduce the seeds that are sown.

We weave in and out, like a shuttle through life,
Through woof of adventure and warp of grim strife.
The acts of our lives are the threads that we weave,
The colors are brilliant and do not deceive.

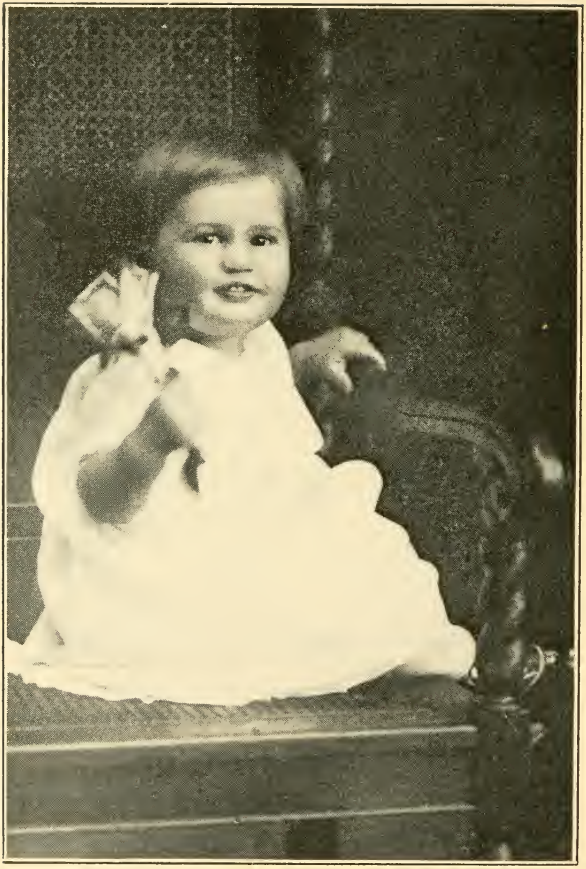
Each act of kindness adds a bright silver thread.
Smiles, just like sunbeams, through the fabric will spread.
Devotion to duty will add to its strength;
True friendship and loyalty add to its length.

The threads that we weave with our yellow deceit,
Will show just as plain as to lie and to cheat.
These bright yellow threads with fast colors will hold,
Though we try to conceal them with tinsel and gold.

There's a magic in colors in songs that we sing,
Like the sunshine and rain bring flowers of spring.
With Faith, Hope and Charity all woven in
Are the bright-colored threads of our life that we spin.

With the threads that we spin through sunshine and gloom,
We weave in the cloth of our lives on its loom.
If we could but trample these thoughts in the dust,
All vanity, jealousy, hatred and lust,

And not let them stain the clean threads of our lives
The clothes would fit better on husbands and wives,
And their children with cheeks that bloom like the rose
Would ne'er have to blush when they looked at their clothes.



THE BABY'S FIRST TOOTH

We thought at first 'twould be more joy,
If when you came you'd been a boy;
Already we had two fine girls
With rosy cheeks and golden curls.

A boy we had so doted on
We called you our young Marion,
But since you've cut that baby tooth
I honest think we tell the truth
When we look at your dancing eyes
And see that smile like summer skies.

And see through rosy lips that purl,
We thank the stars they sent a girl.
No boy should ever be so fair,
We love you best just as you are.

SINCE MOTHER WENT AWAY

The shadows linger on the distant hill,
The winter days at night grow damp and chill;
The days seem longer and the night more still
Since Mother went away.

The old house is so lonely now at night,
The gas jet seems to cast a weird light,
The night winds seem to blur my failing sight,
Since Mother went away.

Her spirit seems to come with twilight gloom,
And while the breath of flowers fills the room
She speaks to us through rosebud lips in bloom,
Since Mother went away.

The things she put away with so much care
It seems that she had always kept them there;
In all the rooms we find them everywhere,
Since Mother went away.

We feel the touch in things her hands have made,
The flowers in her vacant room may fade,
Yet memory owes the debt her love has paid,
Since Mother went away.

Our mourning hearts now feel that it is best
That from all pain and care she is at rest,
We know her pure clean life has stood the test;
Since Mother went away.

GRANDPAP AND THE BABY

Just over the way I go every day,
To take John some papers to keep,
And when I get there, I just take a chair,
And ask "Is the baby asleep?"

I guess I'm a goose to make an excuse,
It's the baby I go to see,
And when I peek in she dimples her chin,
And says "Ah Goo" to me.

With her red rosy lips and pink finger tips,
She lures me now over there,
The blue in her eyes like the blue of the skies,
Helps drive away worry and care.

It is pleasant to stay and watch her at play,
But at home I have chores to do,
So I say, Little Miss, you are too sweet to kiss,
And she says to me "Ah Goo!"

WHEN THEY TOOK BABY MARIAN CAMPING

As I lay on my bed of sick and pain
And wondered how soon I would be well again,
My little granddaughter came in every day
With her sweet smiles and dimples to drive care away.
As I look in her eyes, so steadfast and mild,
There's nothing as pure as the love of a child.

She brought me a rose, bless her dear little heart,
They were going away, near ready to start.
The rose was as white as the lily or snow,
A beautiful flower just ready to blow,
I took the sweet bud from her small dimpled hand
And then I went back to my babyhood land.

And I wondered again if it really could be,
That I had been young and as happy and free:
And wondered, was I in my childhood as pure,
Like her, could I then with my dimples allure?
Would the butterfly stop and rest on his wing
To hear the sweet sound of a baby voice sing.

She mingles her voice with the mocking birds' song,
And still in my memory the echos prolong.
I look through the clouds at the silver moon's light
And think of that baby in slumber tonight;
And thoughts of her coming still lessen the pain
When they bring that sweet baby back home again.

LETTER TO EDITH

WHEN THE CHILDREN WENT AWAY

I thought of you and the children as I sat at home today,
And looked around at the trinkets with which they used to play.
Your ma is on the sofa and she don't have much to say,
And the old house seems quite lonely, since the children went away.

And when I think how Bobby rubbed his soft hands on my face,
I guess I am weak and childish, for teardrops take their place.
We used to sit at evening time and watch the cars go by,
And when the purple night shades came we'd sing our lullaby.

Until the children cuddled down and softly went to sleep
And we'd sit and watch them until stars began to peep,
And now I sit and think of them until the night grows gray,
For the old house seems so lonely since the children went away.

TO DOROTHY

In youth when Dorothy played among the flowers
She did not seem like other girls,
But with her songs she whiled away the hours,
While sunbeams played among her curls.

And there among the garden's sweet perfume,
Beneath the deep blue summer skies,
Upon her cheek a June rose left its bloom,
While slumber closed her baby eyes.

AFTER THE RAIN

After the rain is over and the sun is shining out,
And we hear all nature singing, it makes one want to shout.

After the rain is over and the poppies are in bloom,
With the green fields clothed in sunshine, there is no place
left for gloom.

After the rain is over and the mountains seem to near,
There is something so inspiring about the atmosphere.

After the rain is over and the birds begin to sing,
You should go out in the woodlands and hear the welkin
ring.

After life's storms are over will we through gates ajar,
View a land beyond the border that hope has seen afar?

WHEN DOROTHY GOT THE GLASSES

Dorothy comes and takes my glasses,
Says the sunshine hurts her eyes;
Then I see through drooping lashes,
Eyes like diamonds in the skies.

When I say, no dear, you'll break them
If I let you have them now.
I just want to look like grandma,
With the glasses I'll know how.

Tell me not there is no passion
In the child of tender years,
For I've watched our little Dorothy
When glad laughter followed tears.

When the sun shines on her ringlets
And they gleam like golden thread,
We can see storm passions gather
When she shakes her curly head.

Then like dew drops, two tears sparkle
On her cheeks where roses stay;
Soon her eyes and lips are all laughing,
For I let her have her way.

Then she says, grandpa, I love you,
With her arms around my neck.
If I had a will like iron
She could make of it a wreck.

So the children overrule me,
Now that I am old and gray,
But if they should always love me
They can mostly have their way.

TO STELLA

Under the snow so pure and so white
Your baby is sleeping with angels tonight.
Our hearts are sad, for we loved her so,
But since it is willed that she should go,

It is only fitting she should lie,
Under the snow and the clear blue sky;
For her life was as pure and heart as true,
As the snow is white and the sky is blue.

We weep with you in our sympathy,
But baby still lives in our memory.
The gems with which I would not part
Are the baby faces in my heart.

ON THE FARM AT ALPAUGH

Us kids are busy all the time out here upon the farm;
We find so many things to do the city's lost its charm;
We have the horses and the colt, the chickens and the cow,
And grandpa shows us how to milk, he says we must learn how.

We all climb on old Luly's back, she never runs away;
We ride across the fields, we have, the whole outdoors for play
And when our Daddy hauls in hay we ride upon the load,
Then when the wagon crawls along we play it is a toad.

We have three rabbits in a box they are the Belgian hare;
For fear they might all runaway we have to keep them here.
The fields are full of rabbits here, some cottontails and jacks,
You'd think there was a million here, they leave so many tracks.

We have our playhouse in the shed where Daddy keeps his tools;
We place our dollies in their seats, they never break the rules;
We have a swing, a box of sand and other things like that.
Oh, yes, I most forgot to tell, about our kitty-cat.

She had two kittens, black and white, but one just went and died,
And when we put it in the ground we children almost cried.
We have the bestest milk to drink, cool water in the shade
And sometimes when it is real hot, Ma makes some lemonade.

A TRIBUTE TO S. R. REEVES

Goodbye, dear friend of bygone days,
We miss you when our drum corps plays,
Yet all the tunes you played so well
Will always in our memory dwell.

You went away in early June
Expecting to return full soon
But like the autumn leaves that fall
You passed away at Nature's call.

We think of you as one who stays
Among the scenes of boyhood days,
Where in the spring the apple bloom
Will cluster round your silent tomb.

We always think of you as one
Whose life work here was nobly done;
No words we have could ever tell
Our love for you, dear friend, farewell.

IN MEMORY OF THE OLD FARM OF ELIJAH CANFIELD

I walked across the fields the other day,
Among the scenes of childhood's early love;
The old farm home has all been moved away,
The house and barn, the orchard and the grove.

The pasture lands are now in clover hay,
A cornfield's where the house and old barn stood,
The birds that used to sing have gone away
To find a nesting place in some green wood.

How things have changed since first I viewed these scenes—
The fields are tended now by other hands,
While we who farmed them once with rustic means
Are scattered now in strange and distant lands.

Most things have changed from what they used to be,
The old graveyard has changed the least of all,
For there upon the silent tombs we see
Names of departed friends both great and small.

The old stage road that used to cross the farm,
The well with sweep and pail beside the road,
In dreams remain and give a magic charm,
When we dipped water for the old stage load.

And my heart it swells with joy
As it did when but a boy
In the years before I went away to roam;
Now my old eyes fill with tears
As I look across the years
At the faces that have vanished from that home.

TO EDITH WHEN A CHILD

Little one, your childish play,
Leads my restless mind away!
Back to when I was a child,
With bright fancies running wild.

With the song birds of the air,
And the wild rose blooming fair,
Dashing off in childish glee
You return them all to me.

But the furrows on my brow
Tell that I am no child now!
Childhood with the years have gone
Fancies faded one by one.

Now I know, the song birds sing
Sweetest in life's early spring,
And the flowers growing wild
Bloom the fairest to a child.

As the years roll swifty by,
Life's spring flowers fade and die
And life's yellow autumn flowers
Bring with them the saddest hours.

THE BEST KIND OF A MAN

We admire a man beyond words to express
Who comes to our aid when we are in distress
And buckles right in, does the best that he can,
We call him the very best kind of a man.

Then there is the preacher, the man of good cheer
Who gives us wise council when trouble is near;
He never seems flustered whatever goes wrong
And gives us kind greetings with word or song.

There're three kinds of fellows that make people sore;
One of them talks too much and then talks some more;
One other could do lots of good but he won't,
The other one thinks he does fine when he don't.

Then don't talk too much, don't bluster and brag,
Be kind to your neighbor and true to your flag;
Be honest and brave, do the best that you can,
And you will be classed as a true loyal man.

ON THE FARM AT ALPAUGH

There's a something here at Alpaugh that a fellow can't explain
When he gets up in the morning and he looks across the plain,
At the distant lofty mountains that seem so white and cold
When the sun comes up beyond them painting clouds and sky-line gold.

When you go out to the barnyard with a milkpail on your arm
And you feel the inspiration of a workman on the farm,
While away off in the distance you can hear coyotes bark,
As you listen to the music of the early meadowlark.

When you're all thru with the milking and have fed the little calf,
Then the horses see you coming and they all begin to laugh;
While your hands are busy working at spreading out the hay
Your heart and soul rejoices at the glorious dawn of day.

No—it is not Pasadena, with its free and easy life,
But we're out here close to nature free from politics and strife,
And I'd rather be a farmer and be of some account,
Than be a city loafer and be classed as down and out.

A TRIBUTE OF FLOWERS

Near mountain peaks that point to skies of blue
On sloping fields where golden poppies grow
Along the lanes that lead to Mountain View,
Where silent tombs reflect the sunset glow.

When shadows lengthen on the canyon's wall
And songbirds cease their evening song,
A somber stillness settles over all*
And only echoes of the day prolong.

Beneath the quiet stars and silver moon
Among the trees where tombs in silence stand,
We take our choicest flowers and there commune
With loved and loving friends from spirit land.

When memory brings their faces back to view
They seem to greet us with their smiles through tears;
Flowers are their smiles, tears are drops of dew,
So it has been through all times countless years.

We pass away and new forms take our place,
Faith builds the soul a final place of rest;
Hope's brightest star within the realms of space,
Love's rarest gem within the human breast.

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*This was written after taking flowers to Mountain View Cemetery at night.

WHEN DEATH SHALL CALL

When death shall call for me, please do not mourn,
For I shall be at rest,
I'll take no vain regrets across life's bourne,
I'v tried to do my best.

A few more days, a few more weeks or years,
Then I shall leave this shore;
When I have crossed the bar of hopes and fears,
Then I shall be no more.

Then other forms of life will take my place,
While I return to dust;
And with the countless atoms move through space,
Then I have filled my trust.

Yet, if the essence of this life, the soul
Shall never cease to live,
But in some other form shall reach a goal
That nature has to give.

And if my spirit fills some other form,
While body takes its rest,
O, may it be among the trees and flowers
With friends I love the best.

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